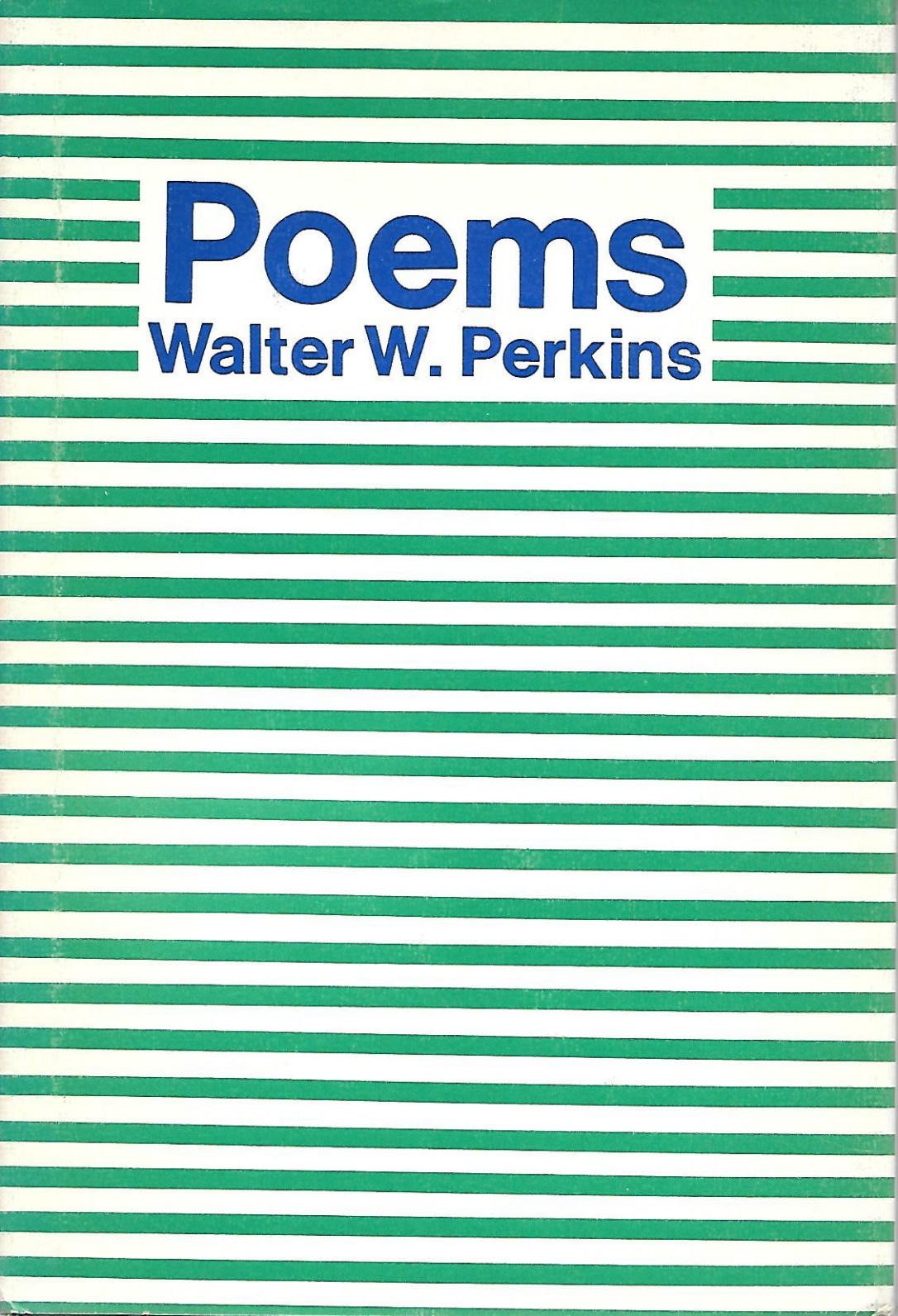


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Poems

Walter W. Perkins

POEMS

\$2.50

by

WALTER W. PERKINS

Here is a rewarding collection of verses indeed. Walter W. Perkins is a natural craftsman. He can concoct a deft phrase quicker than a wink; his work sparkles with little gems of humor and sincere feeling. When the inspiration strikes him—as it may at any moment of the day—he plucks captivating phrases out of the air and the result is an engaging lyric.

We would expect such an intuitive artist to say much on many themes, and we are right. American history, so intriguing to everyone born in this free land, is a special force of Mr. Perkins' and we are alternately moved to laughter, thoughtfulness, and nodding agreement as we read his songs of the dramatic past, of Indian towns and historic manses, of the famous American Elm—even of Nero, long ago, and the invention of ice cream! But contemporary humanity also captures the poet's ranging eye; some of the most memorable poems here deal with the eternal importance of friendship and sanity. There is time, too, to reflect whimsically on the recalled joys of a not-so-long-ago my first major league game—every baseball fan will relish *that* poem!—and on the praise of feminine pulchritude. And there is so much more besides. The Father of Our Country comes in for his share of Mr. Perkins' Rhythmic celebration. The importance of a smile comes vividly through in one of the most delightful poems in the book. A paean to the Packard automobile will stir up wistful memories in any reader who glories in famous cars and their lore. . .

POEMS

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

by

Walter W. Perkins

Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

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POEMS

UNDER THE AMERICAN ELM

The American elm is a tree
Dear to the hearts of the people in America;
For it was under an elm, you see,
That history was accomplished for we Americans.

It was under the shade of an elm,
At Cambridge, that Washington took command
Of the Continental Army; with him at the helm —
What a great leader! Placed by public demand.

Under an elm — another great man,
William Penn, made lasting peace with Indians, in treaty;
He was no truce breaker; when he put his hand
To the pen; he knew his obligation was to do his duty.

To identify an elm is to view a tree
Of graceful vasselike form;
Sometimes reaching 125 feet, 'tis true!
And on the New England coast, they weathered the storms!

Some of those elms have for centuries stood,
Gracing the quaint old towns of New England.

Ah! These beautiful elms have been found
Maine to Florida; and westward to the Rocky Land!

FROM OBSCURITY TO SECURITY

There was a notable great, born in eighteen thirty-two;
She was a native of Janesville, Wisconsin:
She held the people captive to her great songs too!
To her, fame was not hard to win.

She wrote over one hundred seventy-five songs;
"A Perfect Day" sold over a million copies:
An autobiography, "Roads of Melody," to her honor belongs.
Her books for children were recognized, and were also tops.

"Just a-Wearying for You" was another hit;
Still better was "I Love You Truly:"
Words and music to the songs exemplified her wit;
When she wrote "I Love You Truly" her security was surely.

Her success came after her husband died,
When she was widowed and impoverished,
With little formal education in music, but she tried;
Despite the middle years, see what she accomplished!

In Chicago, Illinois: she established her publishing;
At the Cascades Festival in 1940 at Jackson, Michigan;
My twin brother, relation and I, saw her speaking;
It was delightful performance; never to duplicate again.

Six years after, she left to make her heavenly music,
Among the "white-robed angel band".
This great writer of songs, such an uplifting tonic,
Was a real asset on earth, she was just simply grand!

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.

Who was this great person?
She was Carrie Jacobs Bond:
A great mind opened to reason,
And a selective character of the fond.

THE OHIO LINEUP OF THE MAJORS

Let's take a look at the lineup
Of the all-Ohio major-league team:
Pete Rose at second base would be batter up,
Mike Herschberger in LF, an asset very much it seems.
For my third-baseman, I see Rich Rollins;
The clean-up batter, Frank Howard, right-fielder;
With Bill White at 1B, we will certainly keep rolling;
We call on Edwards to be our catcher.
Fly chaser, Wally Post, stationed in center field,
Our SS, affable Ed Brinkman, of course;
Jack Kralick as pitcher, not many runs will he yield;
Wally Alston, selected as manager, the best choice.

Sir, my relief, I have them too, oh yes!
For second base, Mazeroski, to be sure:
Don Zimmer, third-baseman, is a real best;
Catchers: Roseboro, Rodgers, or Nixon could endure.
For relief pitching, boy, I have them!
They are: Reniff, Baldshun, McMahon,
Roggenburk, Elston, Haddix, Brosnan, the answer to whom,
With razor-like performance, the sharpest Mac ever honed.
My starting pitchers would include:
Art Mahaffey, Dean Chance, Joe Nuxhall,
Paul Toth, Claude Osteen, not to exclude
Ken McBride, who will not send you to Rexall.

HOMAGE TO A GREAT FOUNDER

She was born on Christmas
In the year of eighteen twenty-one;
In the city of North Oxford, Mass.,
At a New England farmhouse zone.

Eighteen sixty-nine she went to Switzerland;
For her health was the reason;
Joined the Red Cross of that distant land,
Serving in the Franco-Prussian war, saving many sons.

On returning to America, she was able,
Through the U.S. recognition in the Treaty of Geneva,
To organize the American Red Cross, for she was capable;
She was the director for 23 years, needing no other to sever.

But there came a time for retirement,
In 1904, at the age of eighty-three, she resigned:
Her life was full of service and enjoyment,
A service to people, her life was truly designed.

Let's take another aspect of her life;
She had a beautiful mansion in Glen Echo, Maryland.
This thirty-six-room home made her alive;
For more than twenty years, she enjoyed the tie that binds.

It is a very unusual home, which is three stories;
Built like an old Mississippi river boat;
Gallery on second and third story;
Seventy-eight-foot-long center hallway to boast.

Her home was the first headquarters
Of the Red Cross in America
That she and fifty friends started
On May 21, 1881; all loyal Americans.

Architect was Dr. Julian B. Hubbel,
First physician of the Red Cross,
Secretary and treasurer of Miss Barton made him noble;
They worked together in unity, recognizing no boss.

During the past two decades,
Her three sisters have resided in the home;
They would not permit destroying the facade;
Never the selling for a parking lot to come!

These three sisters of Miss Barton I admire:
Their aim: "We will sell only if it becomes a shrine
Or museum, to keep the furnishings, to aid more
In preservation of name; still have her life shine."

Clara Barton died at this stately residence
On April twelveth in nineteen-twelve,
So much meaning, and grateful events, as a resident
Transpired; as in the records we would delve.

Up to April the third of nineteen sixty-two,
This home was still occupied by the faithful three.
These sisters will give Clara all honor due;
Preserve her home as a memorial, I am confident of that!

This great soul, filled with worthy accomplishments,
Lived to the great age of ninety.

"She being dead, yet speaketh;" by using golden
moments,
And allowing her years to count in sincerity.

"MR. BASEBALL" OF PHENIX CITY, ALABAMA (A Tribute to My Brother Harry)

First time I watched Harry with a glove and ball,
With his baseball pals, playing in his favorite sport.
I knew he would be a leader and give his all,
For baseball was his life and Phenix City his resort!

A young babe came from Columbus to Phenix City,
Grew up among their people, desiring to aid the boys;
He heeded the call, "Play ball!" He became a favorite citizen;
To label him "Mr. Baseball" was their welcomed joy!

It was said of him, he had spread more goodwill
Among more kids than any individual you could name;
When his sandlot baseball team needed a bat or ball,
Or some kid needed a glove, spending his money, these it
items came!

He was night clerk at the Waverly Hotel,
But he was always on time at baseball games
Or practice, giving his help to aid the total,
To win or lose, teaching his boys how to play the game.

In the fall, another sport, football, to promote,
Doing character-building works long, right along,
Until his graduates are spread over the world, so remote;
Hark! I hear: "A true leader, a friend; to us he did belong!"

A JOURNEY

We would like to take a journey
To the mountains, lake or sea,
Be spectators of a tennis tourney
Or swing a golf ball off a tee.

Let this be called a vacation
From worries, work or toil.
Just to be with our adoration
And see the beauty of it all.

In direction, I would glance at the map
To go north, south, west or east.
Would it be Vermont to see maple-tree sap,
Or Miami, to the fish, a rod and reel cast?

There is the World Series in baseball;
You can say, "Let's go to New York."
For the Yanks will answer the call
When we ask, "Who will do the work?"

For a good horse race, to the Derby we will go,
To Louisville, Kentucky, and join in the throng.
In the calendar of events, it will be the best we know,
Churchill Downs, first in praise and song.

Yes, we will hear "My Old Kentucky Home."
God bless the memory of Stephen Foster;
That great song comes to all who roam
In the Blue Grass State, "tops on the roster!"

The Soap Box derby, with the boys
Competing with their entries down the hill;
Supported by Chevrolet, among their joys
In Akron, Ohio, who will share the till?

In Washington, D.C: The Nation's Capital,
The White House, Smithsonian Institute
To see. Let's not pass up the Capital
Or the Treasury, and view what it may constitute!

I often wished to see the twins
At the International Twin Convention,
Tell them that it's wonderful to be a twin
To an identical or fraternal advention.

MY DAILY RESOLUTIONS

The resolution time is at hand again
For here we are at the threshold of the new year:
My thought today is: Why not daily begin
A resolution to resolve and keep these commitments dear?

Let then our first act every morning be
To make the following resolve for the day:
I shall not fear anyone on earth, though it may be She or He;
God is the one whom I shall fear, no matter what others say!

I shall not bear ill will towards anyone;
Criticism is cheap, all it takes is a slippery tongue
And a mind full of enmity, jealousy and hate to condone;
Why not strive to help, aid and render good will, is the cue!

I shall not submit to injustice from anyone;
Let's employ our minds to greater use:
The world is filled with malice; from you let it be gone!
We will rise above the evil doer and conquer all his abuse.

I shall conquer falsehood by truth,
And resisting untruth I shall be long suffering;
Practicing patience, punctuality and sincerity in worth,
Defeating my enemy and foe in every muttering.

Resolve to make the most of my regrets,
By regretting deeply to live afresh:
As we improve our time and have less frets,
Time will improve us and make us look fresh.

TWO KINDS OF FAMILIES

This is a world of two families,
The careless and the careful:
The careless invite full calamities,
While the careful perform so beautiful.

They tell me that in this world
Are two distinct classes of people:
The have-nots for the careless fold,
And the haves who do not seem to topple.

It is true that the haves are among
The careful. If it were not true,
The careless would join right along.
At the dividing line, there is a clue!

Yes, there is a dividing line,
Drawn by families, but not seen,
That marks their living, in tune
With poverty or successful scene.

But despite it all, the careless "care-less"
and the careful are "full of care."
Life with the careless can be so meaningless
that they think the careful are so rare.

The careful are not all wealthy
but they care for betterment.
Betterment in schools, churches and healthy
Activities, and in all things good management.

The careless care not for books,
spend every penny that they make,
Run the credit at every nook;
thrifty ways they cannot take.

Let's go and win some careless soul
into the way worth living,
Change his environment from foul
efforts, to reading, music and having.

FAITH

Faith is a source of power
that comes to us when we believe.
This faith is needed for each trying hour,
may we look to Him who can relieve.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for,
the evidence of things not seen.
Do you hope for better days as of yore?
God delights in changing your living scene.

Faith is a principle of action;
it is a fixed governing rule of God.
The twin promises of Divine affection,
"it will" and "It shall be," will come without C. O. D.

"Men of faith have always
been men of action," said Dr. Scroggie,
recognizing that His ways are not our ways,
and to believe in Him is not to be a fogie.

Where there is belief,
there must be something to believe.
Through faith in God, such blessed relief
comes to one and all who will receive.

THE MANNEQUINS IN THE WINDOW

On a cloudy Sunday afternoon,
while waiting for a bus,
Hoping that the appearance would be soon,
I saw some mannequins to discuss.

These mannequins really looked nice.
The one on the left had a big hat,
the kind at times you could slice;
she was viewing the fern kneeling pat.

Four females in the room,
they were mannequins of real beauty.
Yellow dresses were to boom
as they were performing their duty,

Second female had a yellow dress,
she was a pretty blonde.
A red collar to access
and enhanced the sale to the fond.

Number three was a brunette,
her left shoe was resting on the heel
as she sat there on the davenport,
right white shoe higher, was obvious in the deal.

Number four had lovely red hair,
she had white glasses to observe,
An orange dress attractive to wear
as she stands there so reserved.

One man can be seen at the far right
standing there at the iron wrought table.
He has a brown coat that catches your sight,
with those dark trousers they are easily salable.

Kneeling, sitting or standing,
that is one time you see quiet humanity.
They are first class in their modeling;
to be and cannot talk is really a pity.

THAT CLOUDLESS DAY

In the fall of the year
October of 1952,
I was in a city, to my heart so dear,
to behold and work there too.

This city was Indianapolis, Indiana,
largest place in the Hoosier State;
far, far away from old Vienna,
the Hoosier welcome I really did rate.

Many cloudless days I saw,
never before did I see so many.
Standing there with my hand on my jaw,
admiring the beauty of the sky, it was a dandy!

It was there that I began first to observe,
such a nice day and no clouds to see;
this day I desired my memory to reserve
the prettiest place I had ever been.

That upward look, my friends, it is best,
there you see beauty in day and night;
your spirit soars upward as you face the test;
look any other way, you face the plight.

Look down, you get defeated.
Look around, you get confused.
By looking up, you will have victories
Look up! You will not be refused!

If you have not seen a cloudless day,
look for it on some sunny morn!
You too will be happy and say,
"Ah! This is the day, O beautiful dawn!"

CHANGE

Are you satisfied with your life?
Do you desire a change?
Is your mind seeking for a lift?
Is there some change to arrange?

Remember that we are free moral agents,
with the power of choice,
heirs to the sayings of the sages
of the past. Let us rejoice!

Humanity alone, of all creative beings,
can change his own pattern.
You can fill your life with meaning
or you can go in poverty and tatters.

It is up to each of us,
for we are architects of our living,
You can fight, fuss and cuss
or you can change to character building.

Let us change the inner attitudes
of our minds. Move forward!
Think of higher thoughts with altitude:
that mind of ours will lead us onward!

Let us arise and change our environment;
if we aim low, you get the basic results.
Aim high, shake out of your environment;
we can do this, conquering our worst faults.

When we arise and do,
it gives us strength, courage and poise,
with added vigor to go
with a song in our heart and voice.

THE CIRCUS FIRE

Just off peaceful Barbour Street
in Hartford, Connecticut,
there is the circus ground, it is smaller
now than in past years;
here in this area was a terrible disaster,
words become very difficult,
for on July 6, of 1944,
it was a site of many tears.

On that fateful, catastrophic afternoon
of that hot and humid day,
little did anyone realize that on that scene
would be America's worst circus plight!

The tragic toll of the number killed
amounted to 168 they say,
more than five hundred were injured;
to save their lives, how they did fight!

There was a popular circus,
just for a one day stay,
'twas before matinee started, a six-year-old girl
with curly brown hair
joined herself with six thousand other persons
to see the best circus in the land,
Not unaware of the impending monstrous holocaust,
trusting her life in their care.

The atmosphere within the big top was mixed
with gaiety, laughter and excitement.
At two P. M., the veteran bandmaster
for the circus
led the twenty-nine-piece band through a
snappy arrangement;
then came the clowns, acrobats, and animals,
eyes on them were complete in focus.

Outside of the tent a strong wind
from the southwest was sent,
at two-forty P. M., a man spotted a
small horseshoe flame
this flame was creeping up the side
of the main tent.
He switched the band from ballet;
thus the march music came.

The march tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever"
to avoid a panic.
At this time the animals were turned out;
it was their exit.

The flame looked small enough to extinguish;
the wind became satanic,
whipping the flame into a roaring fire,
so late then to put out.

By three P.M. the little girl was missing,
among the other dead;
though the flames left her pretty face
unmarred, she was not identified;
the question through the years has been,
whose child died?
She is buried in Northwood Cemetery
in nearby Windsor, no one notified.

Two Hartford policemen placed flowers
at her grave for years,
on Fire Anniversary, Memorial Day and
Christmas Eve;
these days were faithfully honored,
with pretty flowers to the dear.
No one has claimed the child, no name
yet, and possibly never!

These two thoughtful policemen, I shall
not leave out their names,
they were Lieutenant Thomas Barber
and Sergeant Edward Lowe.
When Lowe retired, Barber performed
those duties and always came,
never forgetting the flowers, the little girl,
the grave, and the revered bow.

GOODWILL

The most precious thing anyone can have,
To make success, is the goodwill of the public.
This applies to humanity, business or anything worth to save;
Our nation displays goodwill; we are a strong republic!

Goodwill is fragile as an orchid and beautiful,
Precious as a gold nugget, hard to find.
In deeds for others, we should strive to be dutiful;
Let us be faithful, watchful that we are of this mind.

To be administrative of the powers of goodwill,
It would not be a burden to perform;
Nor would it be an arduous task to fulfill,
For we have been benevolent to those in the storm.

We have seen some people who never seem
to be kind; kindly feeling is a part of goodwill;
Friendly disposition would aid to gleam,
Change his character, if he would only will!

See the goodwill manifest in business!
They have to give something with the merchandise;
Knowledge of products, approach and personality in sales,
Without gift of gab and winsome manner, just no dice!

When you trade with your selective store,
They think deeper than their cash assets and property.
Their consideration is you; to have you view bargains galore,
Constantly offering sales; then we all share in prosperity!

WJR Detroit, in that great state of Michigan,
is known as the "Goodwill Station."
Wish my radio was repaired, where I could hear again
That strong station that carries throughout the nation.

Goodwill is powerful as a nuclear rocket ship,
And is as hard to build.
Germany found that it could not built on dictatorship;
Divided country, is the fruit of their yield.

It is as wonderful as youth,
And as difficult to keep.
Fruits of goodwill mostly originate from the mouth,
For that is where the heart speaks with a leap.

Goodwill is a treasured asset to cherish;
Dollars cannot buy it, and the poor can have it.
Goodwill for all people, nations and races should flourish;
Fightings, riots, melees are from the bottomless pit!

"All the world's a stage;
Men, women and children are merely players."
William Shakespeare quoted this adage;
Let us be "Ambassadors of Goodwill" while we play.

AUBURN

Auburn, Alabama, founded in 1836
By Judge John Harper of Harris County, Georgia;
Geographically, spiritually, economically in a good fix,
Just a few miles from Opelika, in a blessed utopia!
The judge, and Tom, his son, laid out the streets;
For a good healthy walk, you wouldn't get lost!
Located in eastern Alabama, where it's a pleasure to meet
Old friends and new acquaintances, and share with the host.

Returning to Georgia to move their family to Auburn,
They stopped at the home of Swepson Taylor for night;
Tom was impressed with Elizabeth and love began to burn;
She was a student at Wesleyan College, and oh, so very bright!

Telling her about the new town,
He asked her to suggest a name for it.
Upon consideration, she decided to sit down,
Musing over her thoughts; she said, "I've got a hit!"

With the recent study of Oliver Goldsmith fresh in her mind,
She replied, "Name it Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!"
The name Geneva was proposed to be a find;
Nevertheless Judge Harper liked Auburn and that was the gain.
Now that the decision had been made official,
A post office was established, making Auburn permanent.
In the meantime Tom and Elizabeth's love was more effectual;
Tom asked for her hand in marriage under a starry firmament.

Their house was the first frame structure built in the village.
Auburn Alumni Association in 1958 purchased the poem;
"Deserted Village" written by Goldsmith, was never pillaged;
It is right there in Auburn University Library among the poems.
In 1958 the dormitories became officially named;
For years Auburn's dormitories for women were numbered.
Name Selection Committee designated one to be remembered
As the Elizabeth Taylor Harper Hall, then more added fame!

Thus the woman who is credited with suggesting
The name for the town has been honored with the
Selection of her own name, because of the suggestion
That came to her from the book. What a good reader was she!
Ask, "Who was Elizabeth Taylor Harper?"
They can point to the name with pride and splendor
And say, "She named the town; we share the honor!"

ABOVE OR BELOW THE NECK

As we consider the specimens of humanity,
Observing majority, so marvelously made;
Seeing that females outnumber men in quantity,
What a wondrous sight it is to behold in gaze!

But there has to be something more than beauty,
For beauty has a way of fading through the years;
What is the most important part of the human deity?
Is it above the neck, or below the neck, that is dear?

Go with me to the mental institutions;
You see the humans so sick in mind:
Every member of the body seems ably constituted —
All except above the neck; that keeps them behind.
Then there are the mentally retarded;
They are among the physically handicapped.
All is perfect in legs, arms and heart, but can't get started
In progress and self-sufficiency, due to the mental handicap.

Look at the colleges and institutions of learning,
Billions of dollars spent to educate above the neck;
The heart is controlled by the mind and has its yearnings
To accomplish the ideas and thoughts of the upper deck.
Think of the nerves and cells, controlled by the brain;
Damage some of those nerves, you become paralyzed.
The heart in age becomes affected through physical strain;
Above the neck means more than people realize!

THE DIVISOR

In Jamestown, Virginia, present-day ghost town,
Still it is filled with early American history.
In viewing that former capital, what made it go down
Would be in the minds of the people who wanted the story.

The story of its ruin and defeat
Is one of disagreements, inaction, disease and fire.
In 1699, fire destroyed the town with fervent heat.
So many conflicts in the years, to build anew they lost desire.

Go to the cemetery, view the grave of James Blair
The founder of the William and Mary College;

There is a paradoxical story that is rare,
But true, and can be added to our knowledge.

You will see an old tree that has divided
The graves of James and his wife Sarah.

Through the years since death, this tree has abided,
Giving a strange story, as the waters of Marah.

For this tree has pushed Sarah's grave
Toward the graves of her parents;

It is a fact that Sarah's parents craved
Their daughter not to marry James, thus giving no warrant.

Even in death a tree portrays division.
My friends! Division is only good in arithmetic.

We have seen that the fruits of division lead to confusion;
Consider the magnet with its drawing power; let's be magnetic!

The only way on earth to multiply happiness
Is to divide it among humanity.

Happiness makes the heart cheerful, takes away gloominess;
To be a good divider, uplift! Do not destroy your community!

OUR MOTHER

(Dedicated to the Memory of Harriet Sackett Perkins)

She was a lovely, devoted mother,
One who was kind, affectionate and true.
How glad we were we didn't need another;
God kept His divine promises as they came due.

When she was at the age of sixty-three,
She had an operation for cancer.

From spread of cancer may she be free!
God heard, and delivered her from danger.

Six children were given birth,
Three daughters and three sons.

Her children she directed in the paths of mirth,
Dispelling gloom, bringing joy and song.

Now, in that union of Elmer and Hattie,
There was no feuding, fussin' and a-fightin'.

We were taught peace and not a one went batty:
The family that stays together believes in prayin'.

She lived to the good age of seventy-six,
Going to meet Elmer, Lewis and Harry.

To meet her other loved ones, her soul was in a good fix;
She was called home, we desired that she tarry.

"Mother, the Uucrowned Queen of the Universe"
Was an able sermon I heard from the minister.

What she meant to us couldn't all be in verse;
To us she was a queen and a qualified administrator.

MY FIRST MAJOR LEAGUE GAME

On the day of August 25th, of 1944,
Cousins Claude Sackett, Bob Young,
Arnold Weatherford and I went to spend hours
In Cleveland, Ohio, to see a baseball game that was long.

Traveling the distance of thirty-five miles,
In auto from Tallmadge up to Cleveland;
Enroute, with our conversation, among our smiles,
I said, "I hope to see a homer hit; that is, oh, so grand!"

We arrived at Lake Front Stadium,
Grandstand seats, at home plate, for dollar and a half;
Umpires, only three in number was the sure sum:
Pipgras and McGowan at the bases, Stewart barking the calls.

Chicago White Sox playing the Cleveland Indians;
Batteries for Chicago: Dietrich and Tresh;
While Harder and Schleuter were for the Ohioans.
"The Star-Spangled Banner" sounded so good and fresh.

The roof fell in in on Chicago in the seventh;
I saw just what I wanted and was waiting to see:
Ken Keltner hit a grand-slam homer, so Kenneth
Became my hero of the game. What a hit! Oh, gee!

This was Keltner's twelfth homer of the year;
Really thrilled to see that ball go in left-field seats.
Carnett, the relief pitcher, they did not seem to fear;
Hoag, in eighth, hit a homer with one on, a rousing feat!

Cleveland won the game — that was my night!
Victory for Harder by score of ten to two.
Dietrich was the loser, Ken hit him with his might;
A large crowd was there to view the game, too!

Mike Tresh came through with a double,
Curtright lashed Harder for a triple;
That was the extent of the extra base trouble,
For the rest of the hits were all singles.

The outstanding batters of the game were:
Tresh, three out of three; Rocco, four
Out of five; Cullenbine showed he was there,
For he went two for two on plate tours.

Another outstanding batter I shall not forget
Was Wally Moses, who hit two out of five.
I was pleased with the game, it shall not be forgotten,
It shall rest in my memory as long as I live.

THE FIRST GREAT INAUGURAL

Our nation's first great President
Was the "Father of Our Country."
From Virginia he was a resident,
He was born in Westmoreland County.

George Washington came out of retirement
From his famous Mount Vernon estate.
There was an air of excitement;
In making known their joy, they really did demonstrate!

He journeyed in easy stages
From Virginia to New Jersey.
He was a great man of the sages,
Prudent in wisdom, excelling in diplomacy.

His trip was the signal for celebrations,
In every town and hamlet there was enthusiasm;
Every city and village was joy and exclamation;
Everywhere, there was exuberance and optimism!

Leaving New Jersey at Elizabethtown,
Coming across the bay in a canopied barge,
Rowed by stalwart oarsmen, was Washington.
Onward! onward to New York they surged.

Upon entering New York, he heard the battery,
Thirteen-gun salute roared out the welcome.
Great day to view and record in their diary;
Such an eventful performance, they were all glad to come.

At the foot of Wall Street and the East River,
A red carpet was spread;
Many New Yorkers glad to be a liver,
To see Washington on that carpet, as he did tread.

Washington declined use of a waiting carriage,
Walking through streets of cheering crowds.
Newspapers, with great news on front page;
This was a day of cheers, not for frowns.

On April 30th of 1789,
At Federal Hall on Wall Street,
Washington takes the oath of office, first in line;
President of a new nation, what a treat!

That stone on which Washington stood
Upon taking the oath of office as President
Was a hallowed spot, marked with serene mood.
What a joy to live in New York and be a resident

This stone is preserved at Federal Hall,
On Wall and Nassau Streets;
Upon visiting New York, give this museum a call;
It is on site of first U. S. Capitol. See this treat!

In front of this Federal Hall,
Built in 1842 as a customs house,
There stands a statue of Washington, very tall;
Erected in 1883, it will stand years of use!

I wish I knew of the sculptor among men,
Who did this marvelous work to see.
This museum to the public is open,
And the admission is free.

You know, I fancy in my thoughts
Of the bygone days of yore,
Where can we find such great men today who fought,
Thought and wrought so much good? We need more!

Of all great men in history,
He was the most invariably judicious;
Scarcely a rash word, action or judgment in life story;
Greatest of all Presidents, he was above all gracious.

OUR THOUGHT HOUSE

The mind is our thought house,
It contains the intellect and reasoning.
Don't give time to thoughts that are lousy;
Rather, give your efforts to remembering.

Have you examined your mind?
Is it ready to give the world the real you?
We can work better with a mind that is kind
Than with a frustrated, troubled one, you know!

Let us clean and clear our mind,
Sweep away the trash and dirt,
Give it the air of a wholesome kind,
Start the day with thoughts that are not curt.

Can it be said, intellectually, you are bright,
If not, you are the captain of your intellect!
You can study, plan, effect changes with your might,
Then you will see that it pays to be intelligent!

What of those behind the prison bars?
It is never too late, just start cleaning!
Clean all the cobwebs near and far,
Out of the thought house; repent, instead of repining.

If you think failure, you will certainly fail;
If you think success, you will be successful.
Put your thought house in order, set your goal and sail!
You will win if you pursue, victory will be delightful!

A person's knowledge consists of what he
Gives his time and effort to, plus ability to remember.
As you think in life, so will you live and be.
Will you be a thoughtless, or a thoughtful member?

Remember, your mind is a wonderful part of you;
It can be the making of your life or make you a wreck.
As man thinks in his heart, so is he — this means you too!
Be a thinker, not a shirker; keep active; you will not crack.

A SMILE

In a store window one day
I noticed a man with a cane.
There was a sign, I heard them say:
"Make him smile and join the prize lane!"

Many people tried for the prizes,
but no one made him smile.
As they left their way, there were surmises
If that fellow had smiled in many a mile.

He must have been a grouch;
a grouch is one who doesn't smile.
They always go along with a pout
like a pouter pigeon in style.

A grouch is one who is seasick
on life's journey, we have been told.
Without a smile for the homesick
nor anyone else, he is so cold.

A smile is a display of personality
that portrays the peace of mind.
Something that occurs because of capability,
Smile will add cheer, you will find!

A smile is worth a million dollars,
and it doesn't cost a cent.
Let the frowners raise their hollers;
'Tis always best to smile and be a gent!

Smile and the world will grow brighter;
this old world is a great world, after all.
Smile and your load will be lighter;
you will brighten others as they call.

A smile will lighten up the face
and show that the heart is at home.
A smile is becoming to any race;
try it and you will be winsome.

ICE CREAM

Nero sent swift runners to the mountains;
there they packed baskets of snow,
fleeing back to Rome, to the fountains,
for they were thirsty, you know!

This snow was dumped out,
hastily flavored with fruit juices;
honey also used, they had no spout;
the palace cooks called it "fruit ice!"

Charles the First was King of England
about the time when the Puritans left on the *Mayflower*
He found a recipe for ice cream, the best in the land.
He made his chef swear not to tell of the cream with favor.

In New York, when George Washington
was President of the United States,
an ice cream party met with no reaction
but with great success, historians state.

Governor of Maryland served ice cream
to his guests back in 1700;
Little did he think or even dream
of such a dessert being so popular as he pondered.

Back in 1790, when the nation's capital
was still in New York, New York,
over two hundred dollars worth of capital
invested by the Washingtons in ice cream before dark.

The first ice cream center in the nation
was in New York City, not far from Washington.
The owner prospered, as the people were fascinated,
other centers established, far beyond their imagination.

Dolly Madison served ice cream regularly
as a dessert, her cooks making it.
No freezers then, they beat it with a spoon in regularity,
then shook it up and down in pan of ice, not to omit.

Nancy Johnson in 1855
invented the freezer, to shorten the time;
this freezer was cranked by hand, more useful life,
making ice cream, plentiful and the same.

Continued progress from ice cream to sodas;
cones, sundaes, sherbets, Popsicles, banana splits,
and ice cream sandwiches by the loads
await our generations, this year, to our special delight.

Vanilla is the favorite of flavors,
chocolate is second with many a choice,
Strawberry rating third in taste they favor.
which is your selection today? Sound your voice!

Today enough ice cream is made
to give every person six gallons a year.
"It is a food, not a fad,"
Did you get six gallons last year, or was it near?

THE PACKARD AUTOMOBILE

Warren, Ohio, the birthplace of the Packard,
one of the great automobile names:
Colonel J. W. Packard set up the standard
for quality and design, ever gaining fame!
The Packard auto lived for fifty-three years,
from 1901 to 1954,
outliving many names of other assembled cars,
giving what people asked for in making tours.

Colonel Packard manufactured electric cables,
until that day he decided for the auto.
Second year in auto field, I tell you no fable,
His Packard was the best accepted among the autos!
Packard was the first to use a steering wheel
in place of the old tiller.
Purchasing this car, boy, you had a special appeal:
for and from Tillie the Toiler!
Nineteen hundred and three, the firm moved
from Warren, Ohio, to Detroit, Michigan.
Two successful years in Warren proved,
by moving operation to Detroit, they could have gain.
Fifty-one years in Detroit under Packard banner;
they merged with Studebaker in '54;
competition grew keener, that must have been the matter,
orders for autos still came, but not as before.

Name of Packard lost in 1962,
Other auto names lost in the public eye too,
when Studebaker-Packard became Studebaker Corporation.
when, after merging, they decided one-name operation.
Two hundred thousand Packard owners still remember
the slogan, "Ask the man who owns one!"
They don't regret saying, "A Packard member!"
When it came to autos, other choices, "None."

FRIENDS

He that hath friends,
the 'book of books' admonishes,
must show himself friendly;
let us follow what it teaches.

To follow teachings of Holy Writ
will put us in friendship with the divine;
It will also sharpen our wit,
we will be branches of the vine.

Just the other day, one said to me,
"That man doesn't have enough friends to buy him!"
He said, "What a shame to live and be,
and not have friends to be our aim!"

C. E. Wilson, former Secretary of Defense,
when questioned about his success,
replied, "I stay relaxed, free from tense;
I get along with people, and worry less."

New acquaintances become loyal and devoted,
just as the old pals have been proven true;
old friends we keep — and new ones are expected
as we travel life's pathway, so happy and not blue.

They bring us refreshing lifts,
understanding, compliments and inspiration;
so often see that smile, not a sign of rifts;
they are not methodical, but build aspirations!

We sharpen the countenances of our friends,
such a source of joy, aid, comfort and strength.
Isn't it wonderful to share the attributes of minds,
to know of their depth in wisdom, and character at length!

A friend loveth at all times,
they are like refreshing breezes;
just as the music of the chimes,
what power there is in the hand that squeezes!

SINKING OF THE SULTANA

The worst ship disaster in our nation,
was on April the twenty-seventh, 1865.
There was laughter, jesting and extreme caution,
as two thousand passengers were happy to be alive,
moving in a still wind, on Mississippi muddy waters;
Name of the ship was *Sultana*, a large two-decker,
upon churning its way north of Memphis, unaware of danger,
just only seven miles out of the city, souls met their Maker.
All but fifty of the passengers
were Union soldiers returning home;
can't you picture the sad messengers
giving the news why they will never come!
These prisoners were held in Andersonville,
Georgia, for a long, long time;
they found this prison not to be a villa,
they yearned for freedom, and home they pined.
They died, and went to their home above.
To Cairo, Illinois, they were going,
from there, they would go to their abode.
Fourteen hundred and fifty answered the gong;
Hundreds were blown into the air,
some with broken limbs, some scalded, some drowned.
Some never knowing what happened there;
many, suffering intense pain, lay groaning.

Some said, "A boiler ruptured,
or someone slipped a bomb on the ship;
but this I know, the Devil has captured
that deluded soul. He can't even get a sip!"
Several years later a rebel lay dying
in a Southern city; he said, "I placed on *Sultana* the bomb!"
We know that in Heaven there will be no sighing;
it would have been better if he had died in the womb!

THE ANTEBELLUM HOME

Near Decatur, Alabama, is a historical
Antebellum Home.
It was built by the second governor
of that state;
there they invited the people
who wanted to roam
to come by and pay a visit, to view
their fabulous estate.

Alabama's second governor
was Thomas Bibb;
his home was built in 1820,
naming it Belle Manor;
this home was built by slave labor —
that's no fib! —
fashioned in the beauty, design
and architectural manner.

You will see a two-story home
of six white columns,
a brick front walk will lead to
the steps and door;

How I would like to have seen his library
with books of many volumes!
Governor Bibb's door knocker still
reads 1826 as you peer.

Governor and Mrs. Bibb expressed the
desired wish of their soul,
"We hope, in the future years, in this home
shall a Bibb reside here."

This supreme desire and worthy wish
in 1941 lost the goal.

When Dr. and Mrs. Berthold S. Kennedy
came to live there.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Bibb were the last
of the Bibbs in this mansion;
they remembered the wishes of the builder,
Governor Thomas Bibb.

Reluctantly they placed the home on the
market, with its abiding fashion,
the beauty, the grandeur, the history,
eventful days, no need to *ad lib*.

There were some changes made
after the Kennedys came.

From the nine small bedrooms upstairs,
they were reduced to four;
the bedrooms were made larger,
winding stairway still the same,
a modern kitchen added, entrance hall
is brighter as you begin your tour.

The Kennedys were still living
there in 1955,

fourteen years they had lived there,
up to this information.

They loved the shrubbery and the trees;
the home made them alive.
I hope they are still living there now
in 1968 among their admiration!

GOSSIP

Have you heard of the terrible family "They"?
"They" are generally addressed by the gossip.
The gossip is like a jackass, always at bray;
singular or plural, makes no difference to him or her,
contented, keeping the mouth open against They.
If it isn't They, it must be Him or Her,
And oh, the ridiculous things they say!
They twist, they add, distort the truth, I aver.

Apostle Paul labeled them just right,
He called them "busybodies," a just label,
knowing that their criticism was not light,
and that they would talk just as long as able,
wandering about from house to house,
telling things that they ought not!
Depicting them not to be so pious,
He put words in action, true, pointed and hot!

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Have you heard the latest?"
Mrs. Jones tells Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Brown
tells Mrs. Smith: that's the way gossipers tell the newest,
desiring to see who wears the "gossiper crown."
What is it that has no legs, has wings,
mouth, tail and carries awful stings?
Gossip is the answer that brings
out all the tales and doings.

A lie can get around the world
before truth can get its pants on!
Cordell Hull, he this statement told;
he was a great character, fought and won.
Why, half of the gossip under the sun,
if you trace it back, you will find begun
in that terrible house of gossip; who have fun
talking, but should be hunted with a B.B. gun!

TAHLEQUAH

Tahlequah, pronounced Tah-le-quah,
is an Indian town in eastern Oklahoma,
blest land of liberty for the Indian and squaw,
home of excelent food with delightful aroma;
Tahlequah, once the capital of the Cherokees,
town of beauty with orchards of fruit,
Driven away from Georgia, with their tepees,
by the treaty of "New Echota" they could not refute.

Georgia elected W. Lumpkin as a representative.
His chief desire, "Drive out the Indians!";
elected Governor as the people were attentive,
starting them on their march among all opinions.
This long journey they took driven from home;
they called it the "trail of tears."
Fifteen thousand left the hills to roam,

Four thousand died, separated from loved ones dear.
The Cherokees sent three commissioners
out to find a capital site.
Two of the three met on the mission
at the Illinois River, and cherished the right.

Third person never appeared; "Tahlequah" was heard,
which means, "Two is enough!"
From those might two, Tahlequah was reared.
To make a decision, "Two isn't rough!"

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma was for generations
the Indians' happy hunting ground;
We would have their affirmation
of the best land ever found.
It was part of the Louisiana Purchase
in 1803.
Didn't catch Jefferson and U. S. lurching;
they paid the price with glee!
In 1834,
Cherokees received land by Congress;
Moisture from Heaven surely did pour,
wheat, cotton, hay blessed with progress.
Land also went to the other tribes,
Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles.
These tribes too colorful to describe,
suffice to say, no land for the Creoles!
The tribes set up their own government
fashioned after the good old Americal
In government we have acknowledgement
not only from the Indians, but also Costa Rica.
President Benjamin Harrison in 1889
purchased territory from Seminoles and the Creeks.
Twenty thousand people began to say, "This land is mine!",
racing from the border of tracts, not needing checks.

Four years later, in 1893,
best known in the scramble was Cherokee land.
Sooner you started your scramble among the free,
the better; thus the "Sooner" nickname became fond!
Now the controversy is at hand —
wanting admission as a state!
What shall be the name of the land?
Sequoyah or Oklahoma was at stake.

Desiring to honor the chief
who gave the Cherokee alphabet,
public opinion raised a beef
but they couldn't overrule Congress, you bet!
On the sixteenth of November
in 1907,
that was a day to remember,
Oklahoma admitted as their haven.

BIOGRAPHY IN REVIEW — AMBROSE BIERCE

In 1842, Ambrose was born,
Meigs County in the state of Ohio.
I do not know the name of the town;
in that state they sell a gas called Sohio.
Bierce was a journalist and author,
He compiled what he named "Devil's Dictionary."
In singing, he was not a Harry Lauder;
in life and politics he was a reactionary!
Served in the Civil war, breveted a major
for gallantry in the Union Army,
Fought for the country he loved, seeking not a favor,
and obviously he felt no alarm.

After the war he turned to journalism,
wrote a column for thirty years in Frisco,
He with Stephen Crane, pioneers of realism,
in the days before digestible Crisco.

Eighteen ninety-three he wrote
"Can Such Things Be?"
"Fantastic Fables," he decided to write.
Oh, such a wizard was he!

The story of poverty he knew,
for his was the tenth mouth to feed.
Three more children, their courage to renew,
gave them added strength as to the Lord they pled.
All of their names an A to rate.

Abigail, Amelia, Ann, Addison, Aurelius;
Almeda, Andrew, Albert, Adelia — please wait! —
Ambrose, Aurelia, Arthur and Augustus.
In 1913, the last month of the year,
Ambrose went to Mexico,
Woman Suffrage and Prohibition all he could hear,
so he left all, not using Texaco.

He often heard the Mexicans couldn't shoot good
so he, at seventy, went down, put them to the test.
One Mexican showed him, to shoot he could;
from that fatal day Ambrose Bierce laid to rest.
In Ohio I met Henry Bierce;
he had a daughter and two sons, David and Lucius.
They were princes of fellows, they weren't fierce;
They were like Ambrose, they lived fruitful!

THE SEXTON LEAVES A FORTUNE

Henry Mullin was a devoted sexton,
A very reliable, thrifty stalwart was he;
His life was blessing to the nation,
America needs more persons like him to be.
He was sexton of St. John's Church,
Devoted Roman Catholic in Philadelphia;
In good old Pennsylvania he made his search,
For God-like living, he was known to California.

History of his life tells us he left a fortune,
From 1907 until his death in 1963;
Worked only as a sexton, knowing no financial torture;
If you live your life in debt, you are far from free!
He took this job with the same church,
At the age of twenty-six, worked fifty-six years,
Living for people, doing good with his personal touch;
Died at the age of eighty-two, having no fears.

He refused to accept no more dollars than fifty.
Money isn't everything, but what is it in second place?
His parents and his mind led him to be thrifty;
With money, you can the ladder climb with a faster pace!
On March the fourth, 1963,
He left an estate of one hundred thousand dollars.
To your aim, your purpose in life, be true!
He was not a miser, he didn't make the eagles holler!

He amassed this fortune through the years
By frugal living, honesty and wise investments.
No report of wife and children do I hear!
Allowing his money to work for him, he drew the increments!
He wasn't married, would need a higher salary,
Bosh, with this nonsense! Two can live cheaper than one!
After all, there have been and still are many unhappy Larrys
who had been able to save money; now they can save none!

Another good thing, he was his own boss!
He could look down the future and manage by himself;
Money is not the root of all evil, don't you fuss!
He lived for others, he didn't live for just self!
Love of money is the root of all evil;
Money buys our clothes, pays our way through life;
God paves the streets with gold, keeps our souls level.
Job was the richest man of the East, who obeyed not his wife.

The sexton left most of his fortune to charity,
You can't take it with you, but it can do so good on earth!
Why spend everything you make and be in adversity?
Spend and then save, means your saving plan has no part!
Mr. Mullin lived a serviceable and useful life.
You must die and leave money or leave some bills;
If you buy heavy on the credit, you will have strifel
That is the reason for so many marital ills!

CLOUDS, RAIN AND THE SUN

We have seen the fall of rain
Countless times in our span of life;
Rain, rain and more rain, hoping in vain
To see the clouds lifted, the sun to shine.

In recollection I remember seeing the rain fall
When the sun was shining too!
It looked like a picture of a waterfall;
Green trees enhanced the beauty so.

Yes, when the sun rays were reflected
Upon the rain, at the height of the trees,
Such a pretty sight I hope to see re-enacted
At least once again. All this, and oh, so free!

When it rains, rains, rains and keeps on raining,
When the sun looks as if it will never shine,
Finally we see a little of blue appearing;
Then our spirits are lifted and we smile.

Alas, our blue has been hid by the clouds,
And the sun was only playing peek-a-bool
A greater portion of the day so cloudy,
The sun would only seem to say, "Peek-a-bool!"

On those days in which the sun peek-a-boo's,
The children are so happy when the sun shines;
When the azure blue is covered, smiles turn to boo's,
Clouds seem to overpower, saying, "Sun, temporarily shine."

The days of sunshine so filled with mirth,
They call for picnics and swimming.
Flowers come in their beauty and worth,
Birds with beautiful colors and singing.

Every day cannot be sunny
Nor can the "path of life" be rosy;
We can let our lives be enriching and funny
As we look for hilarity and being less bossy.

We need all three; we just can't do without!
The clouds bring the rain; after rain, the sun;
So many days of rain, wishing we could cut it out!
Just have to take it on the chin, still have fun.

MEMOIRS OF A TWIN

If memory will be kind to me now,
And I am confident that it will be,
I will tell you of some experiences and bow
To the past; with fond memories, you see!

First would be a historical truth
That we were born of the same ovum;
For, you see, we were identical, as we both
were twin sons, and that was the sum.

Lewis Eugene — named after paternal grandfather;
Walter Woodrow — named after maternal grandfather;
Both parents, thrilled with delight, honored their fathers;
Dad told of our arrival; we were all happy together.

Now, in the spring of the following year,
Our sisters exchanged in riding us in the twin go-cart.
We were born in that cold month of December,
So they had to wait for the snow and winter to part.

In our school years we had fun;
The teachers would ask us questions.
Lewis would answer quick as a gun;
If no answer, catching the signal, I answered the question.

Walking the streets of Broadway in Columbus,
Soldiers behind us, started up the tempo,
Left — right; left — right; as they heard both of us
With our walk in unison. This was recorded as a memo.

Glancing through the many pictures,
I saw the prize photo of our youth;
Sisters in the middle, twins on end in good posture;
I could not tell who I was, even to the mouth.

So I went to my mother with the picture,
Saying: "My dear mother, who am I?"
She replied: "You are on the left, that's no fiction;
I can tell you apart by the look in your eyes!"

On a bright sunny afternoon
As a friend and I were singing,
I decided, after a few verses, I would croon
And make harmony; we were pleased with the blending.

A few weeks after, the Baptist minister heard us sing;
He decided to have us sing for his church.
On that Sunday night we heard him saying:
"Sing louder! Sing louder! Give out with your vocal touch!"

One day in vocational studies
The teacher asked each student what was his ambition.
Both Lewis and I gave the answer of our study,
"A singer!" was our choice without competition.

Into life our ambition was achieved;
We traveled all Southeast and Southwest,
On into Middle West we also embarked,
Doing well, until Lewis was laid to rest.

No darker day ever in life have I seen;
It brought to my mind the words I mean:
"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

(Continued from front flap)

POEMS is the first book of a truly versatile and reflective wordsmith. He makes the most clever and ear-catching use of the language of everyday life, and of its themes as well. Mr. Perkins' verses will prove, once and for all, that a poet is no ivory-tower word-doodler, writing on topics are off, but a solid artist who lives and works among us, and writes to reach every man's heart. We are proud to publish his work.

* * *

Jacket design by
NORMAN POMERANTZ

* * *

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Into the union of Elmer Lewis and Harriet Sackett Perkins were born six children; three sons and three daughters; all were born in the North except one; Harry Edwin, who was born in Columbus, Georgia.

I counted it a happy privilege to have been born a twin, born with Lewis Eugene in McBride, Michigan of Montcalm Co., on December the nineteenth of nineteen fourteen.

Educated in Phoenix City, Alabama; traveled four and a half years in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Ohio and Michigan in a singing career that was of joy and thrilling performances; ended by the death of Lewis on Sept. the Twenty six, in the year nineteen forty one.

In nineteen forty two; Walter moves to Ohio where he finds life very successful in a factory, aiding in war effort by rendering efficient employment to the Herman Machine and Tool Company of Tallmadge, Ohio. In Ohio he spent five years.

For the past 15 years, he has given his time to the hotel field, as a representative to the management in the Front Office in the capacity as a Night Clerk and Auditor; of which nearly ten years has been spent with the Hotel Jefferson in Atlanta, Georgia.

He is presently employed as Night Auditor of Rodeway Inns of America, 1706 Clairmont Road, Decatur, Georgia.

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